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## THE DEFENSIVE.

Does it ever occur to any of our readers to consider how much of the labour, wealth, and possibilities of enjoyment, of the social world, is expended and sacrificed merely for the sake of defence against evils which do not necessarily exist? A middle-aged Englishman walks into the dockyards at Portsmouth, with his wife on one arm and his daughter on the other, and talks with pride, right and left, of the vast naval power of his native country. We suspect he does not reflect that all this mighty mechanism, and all these tremendous munitions, exist on account of absolute mischiefs to which it is distressing to think that we are exposed, namely, rapacity, self-love, and pure unreasonableness on the part of other nations—we, of course, being always rational and innocent belligerents. The Third Dragoons arrive in Leeds, there to take up their quarters for the winter; and all the ladies immediately begin to think what delightful balls they shall have, and for some time nothing is talked of but what a handsome set of officers, what an elegant man is Captain Goring, what a nice young fellow Cornet Jackson, and how extremely pretty the jackets are, and how beautiful the horses! Even the poor populace, one of whose foibles is a liking for the army, look with admiration on the gay and clangor march of the troops, and, as they parade along the streets, follow reverently and delightedly in their train, almost supposing that they are themselves a part of the corps. The ladies and the populace never once consider for a moment that Captain Goring and Cornet Jackson, and all the rest, even to the cymbals and kettle-drums, exist for the purpose of defending the one party against some possible lawlessness in the other, and that there would be no balls and no gay parades, if it were not that those very poor fellows who follow the regiment so lovingly, are apt occasionally to become a little troublesome. It is equally worthy of remark, that, when a gentleman takes a stranger or country cousin to see the sights of the city in which he dwells, he is quite as likely to speak with pride of the County Jail, if it is a new and handsome one, as of the Royal Exchange or the last new club-house, never once considering that this large and superb edifice is a thing which only exists because the district or city is pestered with criminals, against whom it is necessary that society should be defended. So complete is this delusion, that, when a gentleman was not long ago showing a large prison to another who was connected with a distant county, the latter remarking that it seemed to him small, and having inquired how many offenders were generally brought forward there at a session, to which the answer was "generally about twenty," "Oh," said the stranger with an air of contempt, "that is a small affair indeed: we in S—shire have never less than two hundred!" Ordinary observers see only the fine ships, the well-dressed, well-drilled corps, the huge castellated building. They would require to look beneath the surface, to become aware that these things are only a subtraction from the productive industry of the country, and that Captain Goring and his friend the Cornet might have been left at liberty to act in some capacity which would have increased the general store, and the money expended on the ships and prisons been reserved for some really useful end, were it not for the irregular impulses which govern the human breast, and against which defensive measures are necessary.

It is quite humiliating, indeed, to think how many of the greatest things in the world exist only through this same necessity. What is the medical profession (meaning the men) but a great defensive band against the evils we bring on ourselves by breaches of nature's laws? What is the use of lawyers but to defend

us against each other? The administration of public affairs is in great part only defensive. One-half the things which men boast with enthusiasm after public dinners, are only guards against the evils which beset them. How broad a feature is the defensive in ordinary domestic matters! Not a fair park, or godly forest, is to be seen throughout the country, but what is surrounded by lofty walls, necessary for defending it. Not even a field, or paddock, not so much as a cottage garden, is without its angry hedge or surly wall, to protect it from dreaded aggression. Locks, bars, shutters, stanchions, how universal are they in our civilised land, showing that every where it is vain to have any thing without taking the means of defending it! Tailors arrange and fashion pockets with a view to defend their contents, and even breast-pins are thought now-a-days to be the better for having a little anchor and chain cable to make sure that rogues shall not furtively take possession of them.

Painfully conspicuous as are all these symptoms of the defensive, they are more endurable than those moral habits in which the same guardedness is called into force. In social existence, the necessity of defensive measures affects us to an immense extent, and human happiness is greatly diminished by it. When a few people are thrown together casually in travelling, they dare not converse freely with each other. They do not know each other, and though there may be a likelihood that all are respectable, still they cannot be sure, and therefore it is necessary to act on the defensive. Supposing one or two do break the ice, and find each other agreeable, they cannot encourage intimacy, for each fears the other may prove to be a person whom it would not be creditable to acknowledge as friend. One may remit the defensive as far as chat for the hour is concerned, but not for a moment's intercourse after the conclusion of the journey. The fears which operate thus are of various kinds. The person of a certain grade in society fears he may be drawn into a disagreeable acquaintance with an inferior. The honest citizen is apprehensive that his pleasant neighbour may prove to be a rogue, whom the police are waiting for at the next stage. A mamma and her daughter dread giving the slightest encouragement to Mr Unsuitable. Every one has or her peculiar bugbear, whom he or she fears this individual may prove to be. In fact, all mankind are Improper Persons to some of their fellow-creatures, however different may be the kinds and degrees of impropriety, and however excellent each may be in many respects. The unavoidable result is, that a remark from one's neighbour as to the fineness of the morning, or the pleasantness of the villas seen on the banks of the canal, or the wonderful swiftness of locomotive carriages, becomes an excessively alarming thing. The proposition may be assented to, but with a "humpf!" or a toss of the head, or a chilling look, so as to make it clear that the assent is strictly limited to the proposition, and does not by any means signify that one thinks the proposer entitled to take one's arm in walking into the next town. The necessity for this reserve may be undoubted; but it is surely much to be lamented, for travelling would be generally more cheerful if the travellers could allow themselves to follow the dictates of their nature in associating harmoniously together, and being all "hail, brother, well met!"

A free-born Englishman is apt to be astonished at the military police of France, and the system of passports which prevails there and in other parts of the continent, arguing a necessity for the defensive such as it gives him pain even to think of. But let him look to the customs of his own country, and consider what would be the condition of a man who should take up

his residence in a British city without any letters of introduction. Would such a man find a single human being to whom he could open his mouth? Would the gentler sex's gentlest specimen once for a moment allow herself to look at him? Would he obtain admission to a single house, besides the inns, or would he be allowed to attend a single ball? No: such a man would find himself a complete Pariah. Truly Byron's idea as to the solitude to be experienced in cities, would be realised in his case. And all this is because there are so many knaves and pretenders of all kinds in England, that the true gentleman requires to be attested by competent judges and witnesses: it is, in short, part of the defensive system which swindling and imposture render necessary among honest people. Benevolence laments the necessity, and we can readily see that, if the case were otherwise, the honest part of the world would both look more amiable and be more happy. But, nevertheless, the necessity is undoubted. Sometimes kind-natured persons are found to dispense with the usual certificates; but it often happens that they have occasion to regret their simplicity.

Even in society where all have been so far recommended to each other, it is still found necessary to act a good deal on the defensive. Many persons, quite respectable in station and general conduct, are of notably disagreeable manners or unpleasant temper: these it is necessary to keep at a distance. Some are heedlessly familiar, and wanting in deference and respect where it is due: these it is desirable to chill. Some are recklessly extravagant in their style of life, and indulge in a great deal of not very select company: the advances of such persons it may be deemed prudent to check. A lady may think her circle of friends already as large as she ought to have, and she must therefore forbid herself to encourage the approaches of new acquaintance. For a thousand various and not easily described reasons, every person almost every day finds it necessary to act on the defensive against his fellow-creatures, not from any disrespect to them, possibly, but simply from a regard which he feels himself at liberty to entertain for his own tastes, likings, and convenience. Still the fact helps to show to what a vast extent this principle operates in the social world, and how vain, in the mean time, are all those sentimental preachers which enjoin men (without taking other things into view) to love each other as brothers.

Admitting the existence of this principle, and its results in detracting from human happiness, we are not bound to suppose that there is any particular amount of the defensive which must necessarily exist in the mass of the world, or be practised by individuals. The amount of the defensive called for must be in proportion to the evils which give occasion for it. The wooden walls of Old England, the Third Dragoon Guards, the castellated county jails, are they to be needed for ever? Let this question be answered by what remains of Raby and Conway Castles, by Lochmaben and Dunnottar, and all the other "towers along the steep" now no longer in strength. Once these fortresses were needed by our nobles and county gentlemen as a means of defending themselves from each other; but now a locked door in an ordinary house serves all the purpose. So may the time arrive when the bristling of a Russian fleet in the Black Sea will not set hammers a-going at Portsmouth; when the swart artisans of Sheffield and Birmingham will be on so right a footing that Captain Goring's occupation will be gone; and when the amount of irregular and untrained impulse in the country will be so small, that the jail, in place of being the biggest building in all our towns, will become the smallest. The prospect of such improvement may be considered visionary;

but so would it have been held visionary in the sixteenth century, if any one residing on the border had suggested that the time might come when gentlemen would not live in towers surrounded by barbican walls. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that doing away with the defensive on these great points must leave a vast amount of capital and labour free to be expended on objects producing a return of useful commodities to human beings, not to speak of the lessening of positive misery and pain to mortals which must follow from the same cause. Shall we ever be able to dispense in like manner with the defensive measures which are at present generally deemed requisite against imposture, aggression, injury, and unpleasant communications? For analogous reasons, we would be hopeful on this point also. People going home at night through the streets of London are not now in danger of being assaulted by the gentlemen styled *Mohocks*. Here the defensive has been remitted on a great point. May it not also be remitted on other points, when the cause for it shall in like manner have become obsolete, and out of date? To make these causes obsolete, is an object in which every generous nature, we should think, must be interested, for to such natures the defensive must always be disagreeable, if not indeed on many occasions positively impracticable. Let the prospect of getting quit of this harassing necessity serve, we would say, as a stimulus to every philanthropic mind, to exert itself for the improvement of human character.

#### POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL OF PARIS.

In the modern historical records of France, and especially in the accounts of the revolutionary changes that have recently taken place there, mention is frequently made of the Polytechnic School of Paris, and of its *élèves*, or students; and many ordinary readers may have been surprised at the important part which these scholars are said to have played, on many occasions, on the stage of public affairs. But the truth is, that this school and its pupils are of a very uncommon order, and must not be judged of by a comparison with our own academies for the young. The object of the Polytechnic School of Paris is to furnish a continual supply of men capable of directing all the civil and military undertakings of the nation for the management of which science is necessary. The institution had its origin in the stormy times of the first revolution. Monge, one of the best mathematicians of his age, was the original proposer of it, and in 1794 he succeeded in getting his views carried into effect, with the aid of Lambardie, then Director of Roads and Bridges, of Carnot, and of Fourcroy. To the establishment the name of the "Central School of Public Works" was originally given, and it was opened on the 30th of November 1794, under the directorship of Lambardie.

When the great names of Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Fourcroy, Chaptal, Guyton de Morveau, Vauquelin, Fourier, and Prout, are mentioned as those of the original or early professors, it will be admitted, that as regarded the matter of teaching, this new school commenced with the most brilliant prospects. Three hundred and forty-nine students were in the first instance enrolled, and these were of all ages, from twelve to twenty-five years, though the majority ranged between sixteen and eighteen. The plan of choosing them was as follows. In each of the twenty-two largest towns of France, an examiner was named, whose duty it was to examine and decide on the qualifications of the young candidates. These qualifications, generally speaking, were previous good conduct, and a pretty extensive knowledge of the elements of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. The government gave to the students, thus selected, a salary considered sufficient for the supply of their ordinary wants, and they were lodged or boarded with families selected for the purpose among the residents of the city of Paris. No fees, of course, were exacted, the whole being at the public expense.

The course of instruction established had chiefly in view the training of the pupils to every species of engineering, civil and military. "In mathematics the students were supposed to know already the elements of geometry and algebra. Their attention was therefore turned immediately to *analysis* and *descriptive geometry*. The former was principally confined to the elements, first, of geometry of three dimensions; second, mechanics and hydrostatics; third, the effects of machinery. The latter was applied to the arts of design, architecture, and fortification." These three

last branches of instruction included "the cutting and arrangement of stone and wood in building, the projection of shadows, perspective both with regard to the apparent form and tints of objects, the formation of maps and plans, and the operations of surveying, and also the drawing of machinery simple and compound; the construction of roads, bridges, canals, and ports, the plans of mining operations, and the ordinary processes of building; while in fortification the general principles of the method were to be taught, in addition to the construction of works and the operations of attack and defence."<sup>6</sup> In physics, the course was divided into what are called general physics, and chemistry with its application to all the useful arts. Oral lectures, and practical demonstrations, engaged alternately the attention of the students, and occupied about twelve hours of their time each day. "Chefs de brigade," or monitors, were selected from the more advanced pupils, and placed each over a division of the school, in order to guide and privately instruct those under their charge.

Such was the original plan of this Parisian School, on which the title of Polytechnic was bestowed in the second year of its existence. The establishment had to struggle with many difficulties in its infancy. The students were not exempted from serving in the ranks of the national guard, and in this character they were called out in 1795 to protect the government against the factions by which it was then menaced. Great confusion was thus introduced into the establishment, and, what was worse, the spirit and boldness evinced by the students rendered them an object of dread to the parties then in power. The latter complained of the expense attending the maintenance of the school, curtailed the range of instruction in various ways, and in fact endeavoured to crush it altogether. But the enthusiasm and energy of the professors, who, as a council, headed by a president, governed the institution, had the effect of counteracting the jealous hostility of the Directory. When Bonaparte came into power, the Polytechnic School rose into a much more advantageous position, though not until its enemies had succeeded in procuring the expulsion of four pupils, on a charge of incivism. After his Italian campaigns, Bonaparte visited the school frequently in person, and listened to the instructions delivered. When he went to Egypt, he took with him thirty-nine of the more distinguished students, and of these, seventeen were made members of his celebrated Egyptian Commission. This attention, on the part of a man so influential, drew the general favour of the public upon the Polytechnic School; and its pupils, besides, were beginning to exhibit such occasional proofs of talent as confirmed the impression. One young lad, for example, of the age of eighteen, gave in a paper to Lagrange, containing some suggested improvements on the profoundest parts of that great mathematician's works, which suggestions he avowed his intention to adopt. The young man was Poisson, now one of the first of living analysts. This and other similar circumstances became readily known to the public, and indeed to all Europe, by means of the Polytechnic Journal, a periodical instituted nearly at the commencement of the school, and continued through succeeding years. It described the progressive operations of the establishment, and proved altogether a valuable record of scientific knowledge.

As Napoleon's ambition widened in its circuit, and his war-system grew more and more gigantic, the Polytechnic School supplied his armies with engineers and artillery officers of the ablest description. Not only was this the case, but he also, in the most unjustifiable manner, included the students within the range of his terrible conscription, and ninety of them were pressed as private soldiers. Notwithstanding, the emperor was so deeply sensible of the value of the school as a nursery of practical science, that in 1805 he made important changes on its constitution, with the view of increasing its future efficiency. He decreed that the students should all live together, and gave them the College of Navarre for a school and dwelling. He decreed that each student should pay a certain yearly sum towards his maintenance, with the exception of a few bursars. Finally, he established in the school a strict military discipline, and gave it the character nearly of a fortress. Having thus rendered the institution as well fitted as possible for the advancement of his own system, he drew from it all the talent which it developed, for the supply of the engineering department of his armies. So certain, indeed, was the display of talent to bring a commission upon its owner, that all who did not choose a military life were obliged to conceal their knowledge. When France was threatened, however, by the allies, no Polytechnic student showed an aversion to war. They made an offer to Napoleon to fight in a body in his ranks. He declined their offer at the time, saying, "I am not so far reduced as to kill the hen that lays me golden

<sup>6</sup> See an article on the Polytechnic School in No. I. vol. 2. of the Quarterly Journal of Education.

eggs;" but he afterwards consented to their enrolment as a corps of artillery, and the little band behaved with distinguished gallantry in the battle fought under the walls of Paris in 1814. On a former occasion, also, when Bonaparte projected the invasion of Britain, the students had besought permission to take a share in the "great action," and offered to construct a gun-boat with their own hands, and at their own expense. The offer was accepted, and immediately, says a French writer, "the school became a workshop, the library was filled with models, and other places with blacksmiths and sail-makers." The boat was soon made, and actually launched under the command of a student of the establishment. It never was put to its original purpose; but its history is interesting as exhibiting the practical character of the training to which its builders had been subjected.

There is another feature in the progressive career or annals of this school which ought not to be overlooked. This was the publication of successive treatises, of an admirable kind, by its various professors, and, in some instances, by its pupils. In one or other, or both, of these characters, Biot, Arago, Poisson, Gay-Lussac, Petit, Haüy, Lacroix, and many other philosophers of European celebrity, became connected with the school, and furthered its interests by their teaching and their writings. A treatise on physics by Haüy, one on mechanics by Poisson, one on chemistry by Thénard and Fourcroy, and one on the theory of functions by Lagrange, may be mentioned merely as specimens of the able works which were produced originally for the use of the Polytechnic School, though the world saw their value too clearly to permit their usefulness to rest there. Pursuing the history of the school after the fall of Bonaparte, we find that it was an object of deep dislike to the restored Bourbons. It is curious enough, that the Directory accused the students of incivism or aristocratic tendencies; that Bonaparte charged them with republicanism; and that the Bourbons blamed them for imperialism. M. Liadières, who was a pupil of the school, and who gives a sketch of its history in the Book of the Hundred and One, declares that these various charges all originated in the fact that the Polytechnic students hated and opposed despotism in all its forms, whether directorial, imperial, or regal. However this may be, it is certain that the Bourbons attempted to extinguish the establishment. Taking advantage, in April 1816, of a riotous demonstration on the part of the pupils, Louis XVIII. dissolved the school by a royal ordinance. But he found it necessary, or at least prudent, to re-establish it in September of the same year. The military features of the institution, however, were then abolished, and remained so till 1822, when it was held proper, for the sake of restoring more perfect discipline, to revert to the garrison-like organisation of Napoleon. In the same state it has remained up to this hour, with unimportant changes. The war-minister has the ostensible direction of the whole. A governor and a sub-governor are the actual managing superiors, and under them are *chefs des études* and *chefs de brigade*, these being perfected and advanced pupils, who take charge of the rest by divisions. The pupils are still selected by district examinations, which are more strict than formerly. Each pupil pays forty pounds sterling a-year, and remains usually two years in the school, but never more than three. There are twenty-four royal bursaries for poorer candidates. All wear uniform, and, as has been said, are kept under the usual forms of military discipline.

Selected from the ablest youth of France, listening to the ablest lecturers, aided in their progress by the best books, and having their attention seldom distracted from their studies by extraneous causes, the students of the Polytechnic School are distinguished for the proficiency which they attain. It may be interesting to point out the proportions in which the various branches of science are brought under their notice by the professors. In 1830, according to a paper in the Educational Journal already alluded to, the number of hours devoted to each department of science, in the first and second year's courses, stood as follows:—

FIRST YEAR.		SECOND YEAR.	
	Hours.		Hours.
Mathematical Analysis,	52	Mathematical Analysis,	63
Geometry,	15	Geometry,	15
Statics,	34	Mechanics,	75
Dynamics,	15	Geodesy,	38
Descriptive Geometry and Applications,	108	Machines,	22
Analysis applied to Geometry,	24	Political Arithmetic,	6
Physics,	51	Physics,	42
Chemistry,	51	Chemistry,	54
Architecture,	51	Architecture,	51
History, Belles Lettres, &c.	34	History, Belles Lettres, &c.	34

These are merely the hours, it is to be observed, in which the lecturers are actually engaged in communicating information. The student is allowed a portion of time after each lecture for meditation or application, and in this he is assisted by others if he requires it; so that the students are perpetually occupied, and have all the *tutorial* advantages which the best universities afford. It is a wise regulation, that a considerable portion of the allotted amount of study, and the degree of application, should be voluntary, or at the option, to a certain extent, of each individual.

We have now given a pretty comprehensive view of the plan and character of the Polytechnic School of Paris. It is an institution of great value in the eyes of the nation, and justly so, seeing that it represents, in a very perfect degree, the rising talent and spirit of the country. As regards their public appear-

ances on the political stage, it must be admitted that the Polytechnic students, when called from their own more appropriate sphere by the exigencies of the time, have ever taken the side of freedom. They were important agents in effecting the last revolution, and fought with distinguished gallantry for the popular cause.

#### MATTHEWS THE MADMAN AND IMPOSTOR.

A FEW years ago, a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York, by the mad and grotesque pranks of a personage who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington county, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where in his boyhood he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813, he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a store-keeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed; he became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where for a number of years he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed in 1827 to what he thought a better field for his talents, in Albany. While settled in this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. Hitherto he had belonged to the Scotch church; but now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and, there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm as to sit up the greater part of the night, repeating, expounding, and commanding passages from the sermon. From this period his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded, as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829, his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed “Rally round the Standard of Truth”; this they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed both in matter and manner to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce, was, that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-

four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow in obedience to a scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but here he was seized by the authorities, and placed in confinement as a disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that till about this period Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half madman half knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York, in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion, and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822, a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation; in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committee of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes, perhaps equally well-meaning but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, and none more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. Mr Pierson was a merchant by profession, and by a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830, his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James, v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be “raised up” from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for quotation; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied, and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S—, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health, and the confirmation of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 6th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he

made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say that the *very highest imaginable character* was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of declaring that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as every body knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S—, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly furnished house of Mr S—, and succeeding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting, he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character, and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a vest, commonly of richly-figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard, flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we may have an idea of him in his public costume. In private he disdained the black leather cap, and sometimes appeared in a nightcap of the finest linen, decorated with twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, “the kingdom,” and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was only as a great favour; and at all meetings he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem, were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones: in the greater temple he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble

votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere; the case, however, was very different when Mr S—, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S—'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson, but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him at the same time with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833, he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Singing, in Westchester county, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who as yet were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy, in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal time to preach, and generally preached so long that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over; in the same manner he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all which was very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny and pampering the vanity of Matthews, was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a-day was further made to his wife in Albany; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline; he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis Matthews showed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil; that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil, and so on with every other malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously prepared dishes of berries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness, endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive

the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy the black servant assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character, by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villainy did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with many thing but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried—but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told him that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been the victim of a designing impostor, that Pierson's death had been caused by foul means, and that the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of "devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthews one hundred pieces of gold coin, of the value of five hundred and thirty dollars, and one hundred dollars in bank notes, which the said Matthews feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid." Matthews pled not guilty to the charge, but, upon the solicitation of Folger, who seemed to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer at Westchester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examinators could not agree that the stomach showed indications of a poisonous substance, some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. In this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated; but his countenance fell when he found that he was to be tried on another indictment for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Singing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture. From the tissue of strange details which we have been able to present, the reader will doubtless mark the resemblance which the pretensions and career of Matthews bore to those of the madman Thoms, of Kentish memory; but with this remarkable difference in the two cases, that while Thoms practised on a crowd of ignorant and credulous peasantry, Matthews found followers among the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of a great city—ladies, educated, accomplished, virtuous—gentlemen acute in business, possessing wealth and information, and of great public and private worth. Comment is unnecessary.

#### "UNION IS STRENGTH."

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"UNITED IRISHMEN!"—the phrase will startle many who think, and think rightly, that I am no politician; though, as far as zeal for, and love of, country goes, I hope I am a patriot. With political united Irishmen I have nothing to do; my object is simply to show how much Irishmen *could* do, if they were united—how much they lose by not being united. "Union is strength," said old Dick Delany—unconsciously quoting the memorable expression of a mighty mind—when lecturing his five sons on the unfortunate propensity they had of all pulling different ways. "Union is strength," repeated the old man—and he was right.

I would have every Irishman, rich and poor, both in and out of his country, read and ponder over the fable of the bundle of sticks, and remember, that though it is easy enough to break one, it is impossible to do so when they are combined. It has always seemed to me a strange contradiction in the Irish character, that they who are so kindly to each other in their own land, should be any thing but kindly to each other in the land of strangers. In Ireland they assemble together to assist in building a house, in getting in harvest, in digging potatoes, in cutting and bringing home turf; they do it right cheerfully; and, according to the happy and merry maxim that "many hands make light work," so does such labour pass off pleasantly; but this generosity of feeling is almost confined to the peasantry, and they lose it in a great degree when they emigrate.

Take an example:—In our village is a baker, a Scotchman; he employs three men, two of whom were Scotch, the third an Englishman. One of these men was much respected by the gentry; he had been a long time in Mr Macneil's employment, and at last we missed him, and inquired where he was gone to.

"Oh, he's awa'," replied Macneil; "he's awa' to Wimbledon to a business o' his ain; he was as steady a lad as ever drew a batch of bread, and saved mair than you could ha'e thought possible; and having a mind to marry, he spoke to me about it; and though I shall miss him for mony a lang day, yet we mair help each other—and I lent him a trifle, forby his savings, to begin on."

Another of our tradesmen is Charley Murphy, the butcher, a native of Dublin; he deemed it necessary to apologise in a degree one day for employing an Irishman as his foreman. "He's of very decent people in the county Longford," said Charley, "or he would not be here."

"Is he a good butcher?"

"Oh, never a better between this and Dublin." The foreman was also a well-conducted steady young man; being an Irishman, he was civil and obliging of course, and much liked by his master's customers. Suddenly, however, there arose a schism between him and his employer, and the young man applied to a friend of ours, a very peace-loving magistrate, to take an oath that his master owed him some money, and would not pay him. Our friend said that was an illegal course of proceeding, that he must take out a summons; but being anxious to prevent litigation, he thought he might as well send for Charley Murphy, and endeavour to adjust the difference.

"If your honour plases," said the foreman, "I have staled late and early for this man for next to half what he'd have to pay any other man in the world. And now, when I've an opportunity of bettering myself, he says I'm striving to cut his throat behind his back, gives me no peace, nor will he pay me the thrifle of wages, which, small as it is, would help to set me up in the world."

"He's behaved like a traitor, that he has," was the reply; "with his winning ways he has got the inside of the houses of all my customers, and has got the assurance to ask me to lend him money to help to set him up."

"And if you had lent me a thrifle," answered the young Irishman, "it would have been nothing so very wonderful. I didn't want to try my luck at all in this neighbourhood. See what Macneil did for his countryman. But," he added, "it's true enough what they say here, that no Irishman ever helps another, barring it is down the hill."

"Suppose," suggested my friend, "you were to arrange it thus: if it is not convenient to you, Murphy, to pay this demand, give this young fellow a share in your business; you are countrymen, and ought to help each other. There are frequent instances amongst the English and Scotch of this sort of arrangement: one

partner brings youth and zeal as a set-off against the money and connection which his older but less active partner has to offer. What say you?"

"I say, 'plaise your honour,' replied the foreman hastily, "I'd sooner beg my bread than be *behoulder* to him. Let him pay me my wages; that's all I'll ask."

"I don't owe you any wages; and I've had enough of you already; and more than that, you're the *last Irishman* I'll have any call to. I'll keep clear of my countrymen in future; for when they find one of themselves a little up in the world, they'll try to pull him down, and hardly give a 'thank yo' for all you can do."

Our worthy friend cited the Scotch baker as an example of how much people even in small trade might do for each other by being united; he urged, that it was our duty to assist each other, and used every argument in his power to dissuade them from "going to law," but in vain. Charley Murphy entered into a long story as explanation about board and lodging, and weekly money, and a feather bed, and new blue sleeves and apron, and the grinding of a knife and steel, which detail caused his foreman to exclaim against his meanness. One offered to take an oath that *this* was the case, and the other that *that* was the case, and at last the magistrate was obliged to tell them that they had better go to Queen Square to settle the business. To Queen Square they accordingly went, and the magistrate decided that the wages were due, and ought to be paid, and paid they were, though, having run on for a considerable time, to get together the amount caused Charley Murphy to run in debt; for the young foreman, irritated by his master's conduct, would grant no time. But this was not all: Charley had a daughter, and this daughter and the young foreman had become strongly attached to each other. At first Charley Murphy used to laugh at this young love, but afterwards refused his consent. The daughter, English born, had more of English wilfulness than Irish yielding in her disposition, and married without his consent. This was certainly an imprudent step, as little by little they fell into poverty, and Charley Murphy confessed, when too late, that if he had assisted his countryman at the commencement, if he had behaved justly, if they had remained together like the *bundle of sticks*, he would not have been left in his old age without his pretty daughter to keep his books, or half hearty son-in-law to attend to their mutual business. As it was, the young people migrated to Australia; while the baker's daughter, who with her father's consent married the Scotchman, is able to drive over in their own comfortable cart on Sundays to see Macneil, whose national and most praiseworthy consideration for his own countryman secured his "Jessie" in the end a comfortable home and a good husband.

"I hate the Scotch," exclaimed a hot-headed Irish friend of mine, the other day, "they are so *clannish*." I could not help asking him if he did not think a little of the same quality would wonderfully improve his countrymen! This young man is now doing very well in the world, and I hope felt too much the bitter loneliness of an Irishman in London, to be cold, without a reason, to those of his own land who come hither to seek their fortunes. The prejudice in England for a length of time was cruelly great against my countrymen. When a handsome young Irishman got into English society, I have seen the chaperons draw more closely to their charges, and, while they looked icebergs and daggers at the good-humoured face of the somewhat forward youth, whisper the young ladies to "beware, for an Irish adventurer had entered the charmed circle." I do not attempt to deny that the young man made the most of his handsome face, and "blarneyed" to the best of his ability; but English, ay, and Scotch men too, do the same thing; and if they do not succeed as well as the Irishman, it is only because they lack ability, not inclination. I do not mean for a moment to defend the unprincipled adventurer of any country; but I do sincerely rejoice that the English have discovered that imposition is not by any means the necessary attendant on an Irish face or an Irish tongue. But to the answer to my question.

"Indeed and you are right," he said. "When I was coming to London, I bothered the very life out of every one I knew in Dublin, to give me letters of introduction to *all* the Irish they knew in the *grate city*. I did not care so much for letters to the English, like a fool as I was, for I was not aware then that when once you are known by the English, your hold upon their friendship is as firm as the Rock of Cashel; and so I thought my fortune was made when I had secured introductions to several Irish leaders. Well, I left a card and a letter at one house, and received a note saying that really the influx of young Irish gentlemen seeking employment was so great, that he had, however painful to his feelings, been obliged to decline receiving introductions at all. Several asked me to dinner: others to 'tea and turn out.' The member for our town, who had made fierce love to my aunt, and spoken of my uncle as 'his talented and distinguished countryman' during the election, by some strange chance was never at home when I called, as I well knew, for I heard him tell the servant so himself. One fellow gave me an introduction to his friend in the city, and I afterwards found out that he clearly said, though he wished me well, he would not be *asseverable* for me, as I was *Irish*. Another could not introduce me to his partner, who had the management of his business, because he had a family of daughters. Certainly, out of about five-and-twenty, I found one

whose warm manners sprang from his warm heart, and he made up for the rest, though I was on the *shanghaws* for months and months before I could earn as much as would afford me a dinner. Now, it is not more than eighteen months ago since a Scotch lad, Alexander Ferguson, came up from Aberdeen with letters to only two or three Scottish manufacturers; why, in less than a week he was provided for; every Scottish house in the city was applied to, till a suitable situation was found him. I doubt if they asked him half as often to dinner as my countrymen invited me; but they provided for him, and quickly, they are so *clannish*."

"If they were less so," I said, "I should not esteem them as highly as I do. I confess that I think *clannishness*, as you call it, the root of much noble action. If every country provided for those of its own who need provision, we should have no distress. There is something in the everlasting affection the Scotch bear each other, that elevates them in my esteem almost beyond the inhabitants of all other countries. I have seldom known a Scotchman whom I did not respect; and I wish, with all my heart, that the Irish were as united by the magic of the sound of 'Native Land.' In this should be sunk all political differences—all religious animosities. There is no country in the world that has sent forth finer soldiers, better sailors, former patriots, more eloquent statesmen. *Single-handed*, an Irishman conquers. Singly triumphant in art and literature, what might they not have accomplished long ere this for the good of their ill-used country, if they had only been *united*—only known the inestimable value of domestic and social union—only remembered that a house divided against itself cannot stand—and also kept in mind poor old Dick Delany's quotation, which the practice of ages has proved true, that 'union is strength'"

I will endeavour, on a future occasion, to illustrate this subject more fully, by showing the light and dark, the union and disunion, and their effects.

#### MR TOWNSHEND'S EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

##### CONCLUDED.

THE party of fur-hunters with whom Mr Townshend travelled in his western expedition, had now reached the confines of the Rocky Mountains, from which originate the upper tributaries of the Missouri on the one side, and those of the Columbia on the other. The plains in this high region are more rugged and barren than in the lower territories, and occasionally present evidences of volcanic action, being thickly covered with masses of lava, and high basaltic crags. The principal vegetation on the hills is small cedars, while on the plains nothing flourishes but the scrubby wormwood or sage. Mr Townshend had an opportunity, in these melancholy wastes, of becoming acquainted with a variety of animals, particularly birds. He met with flocks of a beautiful bird called the cock of the plain (*Tetrao urophasianus*), which was so very tame, or rather so little accustomed to evil treatment, as to mingle familiarly with the cavalcade, and to suffer itself to be knocked down by whips.

On the 14th of July (1834), the party pitched their tents on the banks of the fine large river Shoshone, or Snake river, a stream which pours its waters directly into the Columbia. A temporary fort or camp was now formed for the repose of the men and horses, and a small body of hunters sent out in quest of provisions, both for present and future necessities. One evening, as the party sat around the camp fire, wrapped in their warm blankets, the old hunters became garrulous, and related their individual adventures for the general amusement. "The best story, however, was told by Richardson, of a meeting he once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. He immediately discharged his cargo of meat to lighten his horse, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient, as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart, but one of them happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man, at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses, mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and

returned to his camp with two spare rifles, and a good stock of ammunition."

The Indians in the remote region of the far-west, are, with the exception of the Blackfeet and their hereditary foes the Bannocks, generally more simple and docile than the tribes nearer the settlements, a circumstance apparently arising from their extreme poverty, and the difficulty of procuring sufficient sustenance. A party of Nez Perces, Chinooks, and Kayouse, encamped near the hunters, are described as possessing a most amiable spirit of sincere piety, and their toleration of the creed and religious observances of the white men well teach a lesson to civilisation. "After supper was concluded," says Mr Townshend, "we sat down on a buffalo robe at the entrance of the lodge, to see the Indians at their devotions. The whole thirteen were soon collected at the call of one whom they had chosen for their chief, and seated with sober sedate countenances around a large fire. After remaining in perfect silence for perhaps fifteen minutes, the chief commenced an harangue in a solemn and impressive tone, reminding them of the object for which they were thus assembled, that of worshipping the 'Great Spirit who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water,' and assured them that if they offered up their prayers to him with but 'one tongue,' they would certainly be accepted. He then rose from his squatting position to his knees, and his example was followed by all the others. In this situation he commenced a prayer, consisting of short sentences, uttered rapidly, but with great apparent fervour, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast upwards with a beseeching look towards heaven. At the conclusion of each sentence, a choral response of a few words was made, accompanied frequently by low moaning. The prayer lasted about twenty minutes.

After its conclusion, the chief, still maintaining the same position of his body and hands, but with his head bent to his breast, commenced a kind of psalm or sacred song, in which the whole company presently joined. The song was a simple expression of a few sounds, no intelligible words being uttered. It resembled the words *Ho-ha-ho-ha-ha-a*, commencing in a low tone, and gradually swelling to a full, round, and beautifully modulated chorus. During the song, the clasped hands of the worshippers were moved rapidly across the breast, and their bodies swung with great energy to the time of the music. The chief ended the song by a kind of swelling groan, which was echoed in chorus. It was then taken up by another, and the same routine was gone through. The whole ceremony occupied perhaps an hour and a half; a short silence then succeeded, after which each Indian rose from the ground, and disappeared in the darkness with a step noiseless as that of a spectre. I think I never was more gratified by any exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their heavenly father to forgive their sins, and continue his mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterised the whole scene, was truly affecting, and very impressive.

The next day being the Sabbath, our good missionary, Mr Jason Lee, was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent, and the greater part of our men, as well as the whole of Mr M'Kay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual forms of the Methodist service, to which Mr Lee is attached, were gone through, and were followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues. Although not one of them could understand a word that was said, they nevertheless maintained the most strict and decorous silence, kneeling when the preacher kneeled, and rising when he rose, evidently with a view of paying him and us a suitable respect, however much their own notions as to the proper and most acceptable forms of worship might have been opposed to ours. A meeting for worship in the Rocky Mountains is almost as unusual as the appearance of a herd of buffalo in the settlements. A sermon was perhaps never preached here before, but for myself I really enjoyed the whole scene; it possessed the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the salutary effect which I sincerely hope it may produce."

On the 6th of August, the encampment broke up, and the company, now consisting of but thirty men, and one hundred and sixteen horses, set out on its farther travels. Sterile plains, craggy steeps, foaming rivers, were passed with more or less difficulty, but without any accident. At night the camp was generally beset by wolves, whose howling cries disturbed the repose of the wayfarers. Provisions at length became scarce, and the only supplies were an occasional wild animal brought down by a bullet, or dried salmon procured from the Snake or Shoshone Indians. Our traveller's account of a visit to a Snake village does not give one a taste for savage social life.

"Early in the morning I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were rolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other 'varmints.' The dogs

growled and snarled when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me—the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me, and the little naked, pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and playing with the long fringes of my leather inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the *ensemble* of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth and most horrific nastiness of the whole vicinity. I shall, therefore, but transiently glance at it, omitting many of the most disgusting and abominable features.

Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage which were lying festering and rotting in the sun, around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, both fresh and half dried, were scattered all over the ground, under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and Indian children; and others which had been split, were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs, as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally, also, by way of varying the repast, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed; and the little umps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former roaring and blubbering, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, inside and outside, was of a piece with every thing else about them—filthy beyond description—the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat, and the dresses, if dresses they may be called, of the women, were of the same colour and condition, from the same cause. These dresses are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bullfrogs to their backs, without being fastened, and in that situation extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulders. It is almost needless to say, that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to, at least, a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied any thing so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere.

Occasionally the tedium of the journey was relieved by an adventure such as the following:—“In the afternoon, one of our men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grizzly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame in some willows which skirted the river, and approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover, and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was hard contested, the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels, while the equally terrified rider—who had lost his hat at the start—used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear, ‘shoot him, shoot him!’ The man, who was one of our greenhorns, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse, or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his lugubrious cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After he had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon dispatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grizzly bears.”

In proceeding through the hilly district within the Rocky Mountain ranges, a party of nine men were detached on a trapping excursion, with orders to join the main body at the fort on the Columbia in the ensuing winter. The cavalcade was now reduced to seventeen men, who continued their perilous route towards the north-west for about a fortnight. On the 24 of September, after a toilsome march through ravines and gullies, they had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing the noble Columbia burst at once upon their view. “I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation of delight and pleasure as I gazed upon the magnificent river, flowing silently and majestically on, and reflected that I had actually crossed the vast American continent; and now stood upon a stream that poured its waters directly into the Pacific. This, then, was

the great Oregon, the first appearance of which gave Lewis and Clark so many emotions of joy and pleasure, and on this stream our indefatigable countrymen wintered, after the toils and privations of a long and protracted journey through the wilderness.”

They now immediately reached the fort, at which a hearty welcome and many comforts awaited them. After remaining a few days, Mr T. and his companion Mr Nuttal, the one loaded with specimens of birds, and the other with his collection of plants, proceeded down the Columbia in a canoe to Fort Vancouver.

The passage down this large river was attended with many formidable difficulties. The bottom and banks of the stream are rugged and rocky, in some places the great body of water forcing its way through narrow gullies, and at others rushing down long rapids, in which canoes can only with the greatest difficulty and danger be navigated. The Columbia abounds in salmon of the finest kind. So plentiful is this fish at certain seasons, that they can be caught in nets or speared with the greatest ease, and brought to the shore in immense masses. One of the objects of the trading company to which Captain Wyeth belonged, was to fish for salmon in the Columbia, and export them cured and barrelled to the States. From the scattered hints of Mr Townshend, we learn that the company, from some unforeseen causes, failed in realising the profits which were anticipated, and, like many similar associations, it is probably broken up.

At Fort Vancouver, Mr Townshend procured a passage on board an American vessel, which carried him to the Sandwich Islands, and there he passed the winter months. He afterwards returned to the Columbia and its environs among the Rocky Mountains, to pursue his scientific researches; and his purpose being at length fulfilled, he returned by sea, touching at Valparaiso, on the South American coast, and reached home after an absence of three years.

#### WORKMEN IN LONDON.

We gather the following particulars respecting the wages and general character of workmen in the metropolis, from the recently published Report of J. Mitchell, Esq. LL.D., to Parliament, on the condition of the Hand-Loom Weavers.

#### CARPENTERS.

The wages of the carpenters are 5s. per day from March to November, and 4s. 9d. a-day the rest of the year. A carpenter is at considerable expense in finding his tools. The carpenters are described as the most sober and steady body of working men in the metropolis.

#### BRICKLAYERS.

Their wages are 5s. a-day. They work from six to six, but have half an hour to breakfast, an hour at dinner, and half an hour at four. They therefore work ten hours a-day in summer. They seldom get any thing by working overtime.

Bricklayers' labourers have 2s. 9d. or 3s. a-day. They work, of course, the same hours as the bricklayers. Both bricklayers and their labourers lose much time by frost and want of employment. They do not generally save any money when in work, but trust to charitable subscriptions and to credit, and when employed to pay off their debts. They often marry at eighteen or twenty.

#### HOUSE-PAINTERS.

There are about 1000 master painters in the metropolis. The permanent journeymen employed all the year are from 3000 to 4000, and those employed only about seven months in the year are from 6000 to 8000 in number. The wages paid to good hands are in summer 4s. 6d. to 5s. a-day, and in winter 4s. to 4s. 6d. Painters now suffer much less than formerly from the effects of their profession, in consequence of their greater intelligence and cleanliness. By throwing off their soiled clothes, and washing their hands, when done with their work, many lives have been saved. They are not remarkable for temperance, but this is chiefly owing to the vicious practice of resorting to houses of call, which are public-houses, for work. Their occupation is favourable to the exercise of the mental powers. In general, they can read and write, and are sharp clever persons; few of them appear at the Old Bailey. They necessarily acquire a habit of honesty, as in their occupation they are admitted into the most private part of houses, where property is within their reach; and they must exercise self-control, or they would soon be marked out if suspected of dishonesty, and would not be employed.

#### TAILORS.

The tailors in shops usually work twelve hours a-day, the tailors by the piece work for meals. The larger part now work by the piece; when thus employed, a few gain 36s. a-week, but some gain only 30s., others 25s., and old men 20s. When working by time, the payment is 6d. per hour. Not many are in constant employment. Men working at home get their wives to assist them. The earnings of wives may be equal to 9s. a-week, and about half the trade have wives able to earn this sum. The tailors belonging to societies are estimated at 3000 in number.

There are tailors called *sweaters*, who are thus described:—“A sweater will fit up a room as a workshop, and will employ women and boys, perhaps a dozen, to work for him. He takes home the clothes, and on the Saturday he draws the money for them, and he pays his work-people at what rate he may have bargained, altogether without reference to the

prices paid by the trade. The wages paid to women are usually 1s. 6d. a-day and their tea.” A third part of the clothes made in London are said to be done by women who set up workshops, and employ other women and girls.

Much of this employment of women and boys has been caused by strike among the journeymen tailors. One person being asked if the tailors suffered much from the strike of 1834, answered, “Very much so; we have never recovered from the blow which we then sustained. We were urged on by scheming men to join the general union of the trades of the whole kingdom, and we were made the forlorn hope to first make the attack. We were promised great support from other trades, but we did not receive it. Many considerate men disapproved of it; but it was all in vain. There were the secret signs, and the secret oaths, and all such folly; and the whole quite illegal. Since that time, the general appearance of the trade is horrible, and the societies cannot pay sick-money and funeral-money as formerly.”

#### BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.

The wages of the men who make the bottoms of boots are from 20s. to 24s. a-week, and some get 30s. They are paid by the piece. From the evidence presented, it appears that the shoemakers are of a disolute character. Mr Grove's evidence is of too original a description to bear condensing.

“Question. How many hours a-day do they work?—Answer. No man on earth can tell that. They begin in the morning when they like; but if any mortal thing happen, up they are from their stools, and after it; and sometimes they will go and spend their time drinking with an acquaintance; and, to make up for it, they will work sometimes till 11 and 12 o'clock at night.

Then they do not come to your shop to work?—No, that is against their laws. I dare not keep a man at my shop to work for me; they would all strike if I did.

Do they annoy you much with strikes?—I am not master of my own shop; they keep me quite under slavery to their rules.

Are there many steady men amongst them?—I never knew a dozen steady stable men amongst them in my life.

Do they keep their families comfortably?—Any thing but that. Their families are in a filthy, abominable state; all in dirt, and wretched.

How do they manage when they are out of work?—Any way they can; they must try to live upon credit; sometimes they pick up a little job. One man out of work, and who has no money, will meet an old shopmate who has money, and they go drinking together, and the man who has money pays for both.

Then they must often be in distress!—Very often; half of them have not a feather to fly with. They drink a monstrous deal. Hardly a steady man amongst them. A man will send out his coat from the taproom to pawn, or even his shoes, in order to get money to keep up the fiddle.

Their money is generally gone by Monday night, I presume!—It very seldom lasts out the Sabbath day; it is spent at the public-house. Only go and see them at the Lion, in Pearl-row, Blackfriars' Road. Not one in ten goes to a place of worship. By Monday they will be coming to the shop a-kicking, as they call it, that is, borrowing on account of their wages which fall due on the Saturday night. One man will say, ‘Master, let me have a shilling;’ another will say, ‘Let me have two shillings;’ and that is the way they go on. There was a man to whom I had to pay last Saturday only 6s. 6d. He might have earned good wages if he had stuck to it; but he earned last week only 16s., and he had had 9s. 6d. on account. He is not exactly a drunkard; he is a coffee-shop frequenter. He will sit all day in the coffee-shop over two-pennyworth of coffee. He is a great politician and a great radical, and talks wonderfully about the affairs of the nation.

There must be some prudent men amongst them?—If there be, I do not know where to find them. I once employed a man who came from the city. He was an excellent workman; he suited me exceedingly well, and I wished to serve him. He removed to near me, and I went to see him one day about some work. There was he, sitting on a heap of straw in the corner of his room, and never a bit of stick or furniture was there in that room, but the man and the heap of straw. He told me of his misfortunes, and I took pity on him, and got him a rug and fire-irons, and a bit of a carpet, and a bed and a mattress, and an old table and chair or two, and made the place comfortable and Christian-like. About a month after, I called at his place again. There was he, sitting at work in the corner of the room on the straw; every stick was gone; he had sold every thing, and turned it into drink. There is not such a drunken set as these fellows in the world.

And these men make laws to rule you!—Ay, to be sure they do. They hold a meeting of their union, and fix their prices; and one or two of them will afterwards come into my shop and throw down a bit of paper, saying, ‘Sir, these are the regulations that we have come to.’ I soon see what it is; they have raised the price. I say to them, ‘I cannot pay these wages; the trade cannot afford it.’ They say, ‘Well, you will take your time to think on it; we cannot work for any less;’ and away they go; and if I do not comply, never a man can I get to work for me. They are all bad alike.

Have unions?—none the sold in the not give out their Northam for little all that a set of

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Have they never suffered by their strikes and unions!—The trade has suffered sadly, but they are none the better. About thirty years ago, the shoes sold in the shops were all made in London; but the fellows raised their prices, so that the masters could not give it. That set employers a-thinking of cutting out their boots and shoes, and sending them down to Northampton to be made. They got them done there for little more than half the money, so the men lost all that work; but yet you see they are now just such a set of fellows as I have told you."

## BAKERS.

The wages and employment of bakers differ in different parts of the metropolis. Foremen are generally paid from 20s. to 25s. per week; in addition to which, they are allowed to eat what bread and potatoes they please at the bakehouse, and they take home a quart loaf a-day, and on the Saturday night half a quarton of flour, to their families. A second class of bakers are paid from 16s. to 18s., and have the same allowances of bread and flour as just stated.

The following is the course of work in a district in the eastern part of the metropolis, in a bakehouse where only two journeymen are employed:—"They come at 11 o'clock at night, make the dough and light the furnace; this occupies an hour. One of the two may then lie down to sleep for two hours and a half; the other also may rest himself, but must occasionally open his eyes, to see that the furnace does not go out. At half-past two both men go to work; they throw out the dough, scale it off, that is, weigh it off in suitable portions for the loaves; they work the dough, and put it into the oven; this occupies till about five. The men now lie down again to rest. At seven they draw the bread out of the oven, and put it into the shop; they then prepare the fermentation for next day. At eight they go to breakfast, which occupies from three quarters of an hour to an hour. After breakfast there may be a second batch of bread to draw, if the master have sufficient business. At two o'clock they may go home; one returns at five, and the other at eleven at night."

It is a matter of notoriety that the bakers as a body are much given to intoxication. The leisure time which they have from five till eleven at night, exposes them to the temptation of going to public houses to fill up their time. When the trades' unions marched from Copenhagen-fields to Kennington, the bakers were remarked to be the least respectable in appearance of the whole.

We may afterwards extend these extracts; in the meanwhile, we conclude with the single remark, that much of the misery of the working-classes in the metropolis, as elsewhere, appears to arise from the practice of resorting to public-houses to spend their leisure time. In this they are to be more pitied than blamed; for society provides no public amusements of a harmless and entertaining kind for the relaxation and improvement of the humbler orders.

THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER.  
FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE is not, perhaps, a single little town in all France, which does not possess its professional fortune-teller, a person who lives by card-reading, and by the predicting of all that is good and happy for those who desire thus to learn their destiny. This card-prophet is usually, or rather uniformly, a woman, the sex having had no rivals in this department since the days of the astrologers—who, after all, were but a parcel of old women. Of course, too, the fortune-teller is advanced in years, and has all the ordinary witch-like attributes of face and figure. Though every person possessing any pretensions to sense or education would blush to admit openly that he or she ascribed any weight to such magical pretences, yet it is amazing how many people of the better classes, in these small French towns, fee the old fortune-teller, at one period or other of their lives, to unravel some knotty point in their destiny. To do them justice, such references may be made, rather from a conviction of the fortune-teller's general shrewdness, and of the care she takes to acquire all possible information about her neighbours in the ordinary way, than from any trust in her powers of obtaining knowledge by supernatural means. But it is unnecessary either to give explanations, or make apologies, on this subject. The matter in hand is to tell a little story—a story of real life—and to that we come without more delay.

Once on a time I was invited to spend some weeks with a friend, at a town not a thousand miles from Paris. My friend was married. I had calculated on this circumstance as likely to be troublesome, seeing that it might interfere with the bachelor luxuries of cigar-smoking and unrestrained chat; but my friend's wife was so charming a woman, that I soon decided things to be better as they were. She doated upon her husband, and he was not behind in reciprocating the feeling. They had two pretty children, whose smiling faces and delightful prattle would have made any one envy the parents. To the pleasure derived from the society of my host and hostess, was added the entertainment arising from an occasional reunion of all the magnates of the place, around the hospitable board of my friend. It was an agreeable task for one sated with the gloss and refinement of city life, to study the characters of these comparatively unsophisticated mortals, and to listen to their simple sentiments and views on topics brought accidentally before them.

Fortune-telling became the subject of our converse one evening. The mayor of the town, who chanced to be present, and who thought it befitting his office to seem as wise and enlightened as possible, gave us a descent on the folly of such superstitious practices. He called divination by cards, and palmistry, a remnant of the barbarism of the middle ages, and altogether unworthy the illumination of modern days. The schoolmaster and notary of the town, as in duty bound, thought as the mayor did. In fact, nobody dissented from the venerable truism of the worthy gentleman.Flushed with his triumph, the mayor turned to our hostess, and continued confidently, "I am sure, madam, you have never had recourse to fortune-telling." I had noticed something like a smile on the lady's lips during the harangue of the mayor. The smile now became marked and undeniable, and on her husband's lips there played a similar expression, as the two glanced at each other in obvious intelligence. "Yes, sir," said our hostess at length, replying to the mayor, "I have had recourse ere now to fortune-telling." She again looked at her husband, and it was plain that some pleasant reminiscence was embodied in the glance. They reciprocally held out their hands, and my friend pressed and kissed that of his wife. These signs of mutual feeling did not pass unnoticed by any member of the assembled company. Seeing their faces full of inquiring interest, the lady continued—"I observe you are all surprised. But there is nothing extraordinary in the matter. Listen, and you shall judge."

She then told as follows:—"My marriage with Alphonse [her husband] was nearly arranged. Inclination, parental consent, and, in short, every favouring circumstance, were on the side of our union. Alphonse had the free entry of my father's house, and we had leave to see each other, to talk together, and to walk together. All went on pleasantly, till one fine day Monsieur Alphonse chose to assume a cold look, to speak in monosyllables, and, in place of calling me Anna, to call me Ma'melle. I wept the whole night after. To what cause to attribute this sudden coldness, I knew not. I was in despair; but, too proud to seek an explanation, I concealed my uneasiness, and even affected unusual gaiety before my lover. Poor Alphonse! I have since learned what he suffered, but indeed I might have known it pretty well at first, from a consciousness of my own tortures.

Monsieur Alphonse, it seemed, was jealous; jealous of one of my cousins, a student, who came from Saint Cyr to pass a few days of his vacation beside us. This youth had taken the liberty of saluting me, and perhaps of once or twice putting his arm around me. Alphonse was neglected one whole day for the little cousin. 'Doubtless,' thought the former, 'this cousin is preferred. As for me, the marriage with which I am to be honoured is plainly but a matter of convenience, and heaven knows what my fate may be afterwards.' Hence the frozen aspect, the Othello-like visage of Monsieur Alphonse, and my assumed gaiety seemed but to prove and crown my perfidy. He felt himself bound to quit such an ingrate, to banish from his heart a love so unworthy. Let her go and marry this cousin of hers, thought he, since she will not even give herself the trouble of dissimulating before me. As for himself, he would go abroad; nothing like travelling for banishing the recollection of an unfortunate love.

While Alphonse was occupied with these thoughts, all at once an idea struck him—he would go and consult the old woman, the fortune-teller. Without giving himself time to reflect either on the utility or inutility, the wisdom or the folly, of such a step, his restless impatience led him to run to the dwelling of the old fortune-teller. He waited not to knock at the door, but entered, and mounted the steps to the wise woman's attic by threes and fours at a time.

The card-prophetess was at the moment engaged with a young girl, and both of them were so entirely absorbed with the matter in hand, that neither of them perceived or heard the approach of the new visitor. The chamber of the sorceress was dark and gloomy. Alphonse placed himself in a corner to observe what passed. The old woman was looking attentively at the girl before her, and examining now and then the lines of her visitor's hand. Then she placed her hand over the girl's heart, and a card was drawn. The meaning of this card, as apparent to her wonder-seeing eyes, was as follows (the old woman spoke the oracle aloud):—"At this moment you have a great trouble oppressing you, which would cease if you dared to speak; but you have a lucky star, and the person who causes your uneasiness will soon see his error and atone for it."

"Oh, my good mother," cried the girl, "can this be true! How have you guessed my trouble? Read it again to me." The old woman did as she was desired. "Oh, if this be true," cried the girl, shedding tears in abundance, "how happy you have made me, mother, by giving me this hope! Here is some recompense for you." At the same time she drew from her purse a piece of several francs, and having given it to the fortune-teller, turned round to depart, wiping the joyful tears from her eyes, and murmuring, "Dear Alphonse! he will yet be mine!"

But Anna (for you may guess that it was I), said our hostess, blushing divinely at the recollection of the weaknesses into which she had been led by her youthful passion, "Anna started, and uttered a cry of surprise on meeting Alphonse face to face. 'How'

said she, 'have you followed me hither! or have you, too, come to hear?'—'Yes,' said Alphonse, in a voice more tender than I had ever heard it before; 'yes, my Anna, my angel, I came to learn my fortune, but you have fixed the fate of both. Pardon me—love is suspicious.' 'I told you this,' said the fortuneteller triumphantly; 'the cards never fail.'

Alphonse and I came away together, more attached to one another than ever. Alphonse explained the affair of the cousin, and I wondered that he could have been disturbed by such a trifle. But I took care that no trifle of the same kind should ever occur to disturb him again. This is our story; and this, Monsieur le Maire, was the occasion on which I had recourse to fortune-telling. You see that it may sometimes lead to a happy issue, though not perhaps in the very way that may be pretended by its professors. The old woman still lives, hard by, and the mayor may perhaps find a good wife by consulting her."

This remark suggested an idea to me. "Come," said I, "let us all go and see this wonderful woman, and hear what she has to promise to each of us." The mayor, mindful of his eloquent tirade, was alone disposed to demur to the proposition. He muttered something about the "gravity of his office," but every body promised to keep the matter secret, and curiosity led the worthy magistrate at length to forget that the middle ages were past, and to go with the rest. The sorceress received the whole party of us politely, and bent on us a pair of as quick and searching eyes as ever shone in human head. The mayor tried the cards. They announced to him that he was to lose his place at the next municipal elections. [When they came, he was kicked out.] The notary's jolly face grew rather lengthy when it was foretold to him that a paralysis would by and bye unfit his fingers for holding the pen of office. [The poor notary was long obliged to resign his place for this very cause.] In short, the old prophetess, with the most consummate coolness, gave every one of us in turn something to look forward to, of much the same pleasing character as the preceding predictions. No doubt the old gipsy thought that such a band could only come to mock her, and was resolved to turn the tables upon us, and she succeeded to admiration. Like all fortune-tellers, a large share of natural shrewdness, private knowledge of facts, and a desire to please her customers, formed the "sole witchcraft which she had used."

## NEW VOLUME OF TABLE-TALK.

A LITTLE volume, entitled "Deliciae Literariae, a New Volume of Table-Talk," has lately been published in Edinburgh,\* being the first volume of the kind, we believe, which has been produced in our country. It is evidently the composition of a man of extensive and curious reading, much accuracy, and no small amount of taste and acumen. We select from it the following article on a subject which we ourselves once partially treated—

## FOOT-PRINTS IN ROCKS AND STONES.

The similarity or the identity of the superstitions of nations has recently attracted considerable attention. Many books on the subject have appeared on the continent, and a few in our own land, among which the pleasing works of Mr Keightley deserve prominent notice. He alludes to "the marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock, but which, according to the popular creed, were produced by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god." I have collected some instances of the almost universal diffusion of this superstition.

We meet it in every district of Scotland, at Maidens-kirk and beyond John-o'-Groats. According to old Andrew Symon, "Kirkmaiden in Galloway is so called, because the kirk is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the print of whose knee is fabulously reported to be seen on a stone, where she prayed somewhere about a place in this parish called Mary Port, near to which place there was a chapel long since, but now wholly ruined." In our Lady's Kirk in South Ronaldshay, in Orkney, Brand saw "a stone lying, about four feet long and two feet broad, but narrower and round at the two ends; upon the surface of which stone is the print of two feet, concerning which the superstitious people have a tradition that Saint Magnus, when he could not get a boat on a time to carry him over Pightland Firth, took this stone, and setting his feet thereupon, passed the firth safely, and left this stone in this church, which hath continued here ever since." Martin adds, that "others have this more reasonable opinion, that it has been used in time of Popery for delinquents, who were obliged to stand barefoot upon it by way of penance." The Reverend George Forbes, in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Leochel in Mar, informs us that "the castle of Corse, now in ruins, was built in 1581 by William Forbes, father of Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen. Tradition bears, and the common people still believe, that the devil visited the bishop in this castle; that they differed [quarrelled]; and that the devil on his departure carried away with him the broad side of the castle, on the stone stairs whereof they still pretend to point out his footstep." In describing the vitrified site of the

\* Oliver and Boyd. 18mo, pp. 273.

Top of Noth in Strathbogie, Dr Hibbert speaks of "a lofty upright stone on the westerly flank of the hill, connected with which is a monstrous traditional story of its having been placed there by a giant, the print of whose heel in it is still visible." In Stratherne, the marks of Saint Fillan's knees are shown in a rock on which he used to kneel in his frequent devotions. In Glenalmond tourists are taken to see "a stone on which are the marks of people's feet, and the hoofs of horses, cows, and sheep." And a ballad of Galloway assures us, that

" Tho' the Brownie o' Blednoch lang be gane,

The mark o' his feet left on mony a stane."

The popular legend of the building of Stonehenge shows that a similar superstitious belief maintains in England.

In Wales, during the last century, they showed, says the Reverend John Price, in his account of Holy-head in Anglesey, "the print of Kybi's foot in a rock by the east end of the chancel, till it was lately destroyed by Mr Ellis, fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, then curate of this place."

Ireland is fertile in monuments of this kind. Mr Crofton Croker narrates the legend of Clough-na-Cuddy, "a stone in Lord Kenmare's park at Killarney, impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knee." The same sprightly gentleman describes the *Clough-a-Regans* near Limerick, "That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell. Deeply imprinted in it are still to be seen the marks of the fingers of the hag Grana."

In Scandinavia is a rock on which may be traced the large footprints of Olaf Tryggvason, as plainly as if he had trodden on the newly fallen snow.

In Germany there is such another rock at Heidelberg, as a friend informs me; a second near Vienna; and a third somewhere on the Danube.

In Italy, near the monastery of Vallambrosa, is a stone, on which is the figure of Saint John Gualbert, the founder of the religious order of Vallis Umbrosa. The legend is, that while the saint was praying on the top of a neighbouring precipice, he was seized by the devil and cast down on a rock with such violence, that it was impressed with the mark of his body. This incident seems to have escaped the Reverend Mr Butler's notice: according to him, the monk having most devoutly received the last sacraments, died happily on the 12th of July 1073, being seventy-four years old.

Captain Slidel saw in the cathedral of Toledo in Spain a stone on which it is said the Blessed Virgin alighted, and which retains the impression of her feet, although now much worn by the hands of the faithful, who touch it with the ends of their fingers when grieved by disease or affliction.

In France, at the church of Saint Radegonde in Poitou, is a stone which bears the print of our Saviour's foot. In the same district is another, on which the mare of Saint Jouin indented her hoof one day when her holy rider was sorely vexed by the devil. That respectable personage himself has left the prints of the soles of his feet, and of his hinder parts, on a rock near Hambert in Maine; and in the department of Charente is a rock bearing the mark of the slipper of Saint Mary Magdalene.

Of all the countries on the earth, Palestine has the richest store of such relics. In the mosque of Saint Omar at Jerusalem, is a stone bearing the print of the angel Gabriel's fingers, and the prophet Mahomet's foot; and in the church which crowns the Mount of Olives, is preserved a fragment of rock imprinted with the mark of our Saviour's foot while in the act of ascension. Sir John Mandeville describes many others—such as a rock on Mount Sinai impressed with the figure of Moses; a rock in the valley of Jehoshaphat retaining the footsteps of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem; a rock at Gethsemane marked with the print of His hand; and a rock near Nazareth imprinted with His footsteps. Travellers in the seventeenth century were shown in Jerusalem "the house of Anna, where our Saviour being hurried with violence down a steep place, to prevent falling He laid hold of the corner of a wall, where there is a place in one of the stones fit for a man's hand, which the monks think a great miracle; and Simon the Pharisee's house, where there is a stone with the print of a foot which they say our Saviour made when He stood to pardon Mary Magdalene her sins; and St Stephen's gate, and a little out of the city, the place where Stephen was stoned: and the monks fancy that there is the print of his hands, face, and knees when he fell down." Ibn Batuta, an Arabian traveller of the fourteenth century, says, that "outside of Damascus on the way of the pilgrimage is the Mosque of the Foot, which is held in great estimation, and in which is preserved a stone, having upon it the print of the foot of Moses. In this mosque they offer up prayers in times of distress." Mr Cooley remarks on this passage, that "the stone bearing the impression of a foot merits some consideration. Monuments of this kind are generally supposed to be remains of Buddhism; yet it is possible, though they seem at present to belong properly to that religion, that they may have claims to a much higher antiquity. The mark of a foot, seen by Herodotus near the river Tigris, was ascribed to Hercules. A similar impression in Ceylon, or among the Burmese, would be called the foot of Buddha: in Damascus it was thought to be the foot of Moses. The great distance between the countries in which this singular sort of monument has been found, and its existence

at Damascus, tend equally to prove its great antiquity."

Of all these foot-prints the most famous by far is that of Adam in Ceylon. A description of it is given by Robert Knox, who was nearly twenty years a prisoner in the country, of which he published an account at London in 1681. "On the south side of Conde Uda," he says, "is a hill supposed to be the highest on this island, called, in the Chingulay language, Hamalel, but by the Portuguese and the European natives, Adam's Peak. It is sharp like a sugar-loaf, and on the top is flat stone with the print of a foot like a man's on it, but far bigger, being about two feet long. The people of this land count it meritorious to go and worship this impression; and generally about their new year, which is in March, men, women, and children, go up this vast and high mountain to worship." The print of the foot is supposed to be that of Buddha, which he left when ascending to heaven. He has no temple on this mountain according to Knox, but "unto this footstep they give worship, light up lamps, and offer sacrifices, laying them upon it as upon an altar." There was in Knox's time a tree in the north of the island, which was annually resorted to at the same time with the footstep, and was held in equal honour: it was said to have flown over from the mainland, and to have planted itself: when Buddha was on earth, he loved to sit under its branches.

Colonel Syme met more than one of these monuments in Ava. "In the course of our walks," he says, "not the least curious object that presented itself was a flat stone of coarse grey granite, laid horizontally on a pedestal of masonry six feet long and three feet wide, protected from the weather by a wooden shed. This stone, like that of Ponodang, was said to bear the genuine print of the foot of Guadina; and we were informed that a similar impression is to be seen on a large rock situated between two hills one day's journey west of Membo."

Near the town of Boukhtarma, on the Irtisch, in Western Siberia, Captain Cochrane accompanied his guide "to view what was deemed an object of curiosity in that part of the world. It was a large stone near the bank of the river, on which are imprinted the marks of the feet of a man and of a horse; they are in a perfect state, and to all appearance have been formed by nature. The heels are towards the river, the feet of the man in advance of those of the horse, very well representing the situation of a man holding the horse. I could gather nothing of its origin beyond the silly tradition of the place."

I have mislaid a reference to the volume in which the foot-print is described of a god worshipped in one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; but two instances may be cited of the existence of the superstition in the New World.

Dr Benjamin Smith Barton, in a tract on American Antiquities published about 1783, quotes the work of Mr Kalm, a traveller in Canada, who saw, "in two or three places, at a considerable distance from each other, impressions of the feet of grown people and children in a rock." And Mr Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, written in 1781, recites an Indian "tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of Mammoths came to the Big-bone-licks on the river Ohio, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians: that the Great Man above (so they call their chief Deity), looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."

#### WITTY JUDGMENTS OF THE DUKE OF OSSUNNA.

THE Duke of Osunna, viceroy at Naples for the king of Spain, to whom the Neapolitan territory was then subject, acquired great celebrity for the tact and wisdom of the judgments he delivered. This nobleman, on visiting the galley one festival day for the purpose of liberating a captive, according to use and wont, found all the prisoners loud in asserting their innocence. One declared that his condemnation was the work of enemies; another asserted that he had been informally and unjustly convicted; a third declared that he had been mistaken for another person; and so on. All declared themselves guiltless as cradled babes. At last the duke came to one man who took a very different tone—"I do not believe, my noble lord," said he, "that there is a greater rascal in all Naples than myself. They were too lenient with me to send me to the galley." The duke, hearing these words, turned immediately round to the keeper of the galley, and exclaimed, "Loose this scoundrel's chain, and turn him immediately about his business. If he is allowed to stay, he will certainly corrupt these honest, innocent men here. Take him away." While his orders were being obeyed, he wheeled round to the other captives, and said to them, with the most civil air imaginable, "Gentlemen, I have no doubt you will

thank me for ridding you of this pestilent fellow. He might have undermined your innocence."

The Duke of Osunna was somewhat like Haroun Alraschid, a little despotic even in his good doings. Ferromelle, a rich merchant of Naples, whose predominant passion was avarice, chanced to lose an embroidered purse, containing fifty golden ducats, fifty Spanish pistoles, and a ring of the value of a thousand crowns. This loss vexed him grievously, and he caused a proclamation to be made, offering fifty Spanish pistoles to any one who should restore the missing articles. An old woman found the purse, and brought it to the owner. Ferromelle, as soon as he saw his property, could not withstand the temptation of trying to avoid payment of part of the reward. In counting the fifty pistoles, he dexterously laid aside thirty, and said to the finder, "I promised fifty pistoles to whoever found the purse. Thirty have been taken out of it already by you; here are the other twenty, and so you are paid." The old woman remonstrated in vain against this treatment, but she would probably have remained content with her twenty pistoles, had not some one advised her to apply for justice to the Duke of Osunna. The duke knew the man well, and sent for him. "Is there any likelihood," said he to Ferromelle, "that this old woman, who had the honesty to bring you the purse when she might have taken all, would be guilty of taking your thirty pistoles?" No, no. The truth is, the purse *cannot be yours*. Your purse had fifty pistoles, and this had but thirty. The purse cannot be yours. The merchant stammered out, "My lord, I know the purse, the ducats, the ring"—"Nonsense!" exclaimed the duke; "do you think there never was a purse, or ducats, or a ring, like yours?" Here, good woman," continued he, addressing the old woman, "take you the purse, and its contents. It cannot be this good gentleman's, since he says his had fifty pistoles." This judgment was enforced. The duke might have been morally certain of the miser's attempt to cheat, but as has been said, this was a very Haroun Alraschid-like kind of a decision.

The duke had one day to hear the case of Bertrand de Sola, a proud Spanish gentleman, who was in the habit of walking in the streets with his head elevated like a cameleopard's. While thus marching, a porter, carrying a heavy load, had run against him, but not without first crying "Beware!" which is the ordinary mode of giving warning in such cases. The porter's load consisted of fagots, and one of them fell off in the concussion, and tore the Spaniard's silk mantle. He was mightily enraged, and sought redress from the viceroy. The duke knew that porters usually cry "Beware," and having seen the porter in this case, he learned that he had cried the word, though de Sola avouched the contrary. The duke advised the porter to declare himself dumb when the cause came for judgment. The porter did so through a friend, and the duke immediately said to de Sola, "what can I do to this poor fellow? You see he is dumb." Forgetting himself, the enraged Spaniard cried out, "Don't believe the scoundrel, my lord; I myself heard him cry 'Beware!'" "Why, then, did you not beware?" replied the duke, and he made the mortified Spaniard pay all expenses, and a fine to the poor.

#### GEMS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH POETS.

##### NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE.

William Habington (1606-1634).

When I survey the bright

Celestial sphere,

So rich with jewels hung, that night

Doth like an Ethiope bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,

And heavenward flies,

The Almighty's mysteries to rend

In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament

Shoots forth no flame

So silent, but is eloquent

In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star

Contracts its light

Into so small a character,

Remov'd far from our human sight;

But if we steadfast look

We shall discern

In it, as in some holy book,

How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,

That far-stretched power,

Which his proud dangers traffic for,

Is but the triumph of an hour.

That, from the farthest north,

Some nation may

Yet undiscovered issue forth,

And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in

With hills of ice,

May be let out to scourge his sin,

Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall

Their ruin have;

For as yourselves your empires fall,

And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,

Though seeming mute,

The fallacy of our desires,

And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watch'd since first

The world had birth;

And found sin in itself accurst,

And nothing permanent on earth.

